



**BUNBURY
HIGH SCHOOL**

**THE
KINGIA**



CONTROLLED BY THE STUDENTS

Vol. II.

No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1924.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Editorial	5
School Notes	6
Acknowledgments	7
Doomed	7
“Havers”	7
Fancy	8
Our Annual Plague	8
That Dreadful Junior	8
An Elegy	9
Camera Club Notes	10
The Storm	10
Ex-Student Notes	10
School Commandments	11
A Forest Tragedy	11
The English Test	12
Evening	13
A Coral Island	13
Advice to Sports Committees	14
Bunbury	14
Gymnasium for Girls of the Upper School	15
Life and Letters	15
The Death of a Tree	16
The Fifth Form	17
To the Darling Ranges	17
The Feminine Sex	18
Prefects’ Notes	18
A Ramble	19
Wireless Whispers	20
French Club Notes	20
Form Notes	21
Girls’ Sports Day	23
Faction Notes—Girls	24
Boys	25
Second Annual Athletic Sports	26
General Sports Notes	28
Football Notes	29
Cricket Notes	29
The Trials of Wicket-Keeper	30
Correspondence	30

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Senior Girl Prefect : Miss T. Eaton.

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Miss E. McCall. J. Dean.
Miss L. Johns. K. Hough.

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Miss N. Johnson. A. Trotman.

Kingia.

Miss L. Johns. J. Sunter.

Red.

Miss T. Eaton. J. White.

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SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

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1. School from Back Beach.
2. The Drive.
3. Bunbury from School.



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THE KINGIA.

Vol. II. No. 3.

BUNBURY, DECEMBER, 1924.

Price 1s. 6d.

EDITORIAL.

WE have now come to the end of the third term and are endeavouring to prepare, in the second Christmas issue of the "Kingia" Magazine, an edition which will please everyone and serve as a suitable chronicle of the term's events for those who are to take our place in future years.

Work has been proceeding smoothly during the recent term and, except for the School Sports and a final spasmodic effort on the part of those students partaking in the Public Examinations, nothing has occurred to interrupt the tranquil life of the School.

The eventful trip to Perth, made by our first class athletic team, was not very successful from our point of view, but it gave the members of the team that necessary experience which they had

hitherto lacked, and we are hopeful of better results next year.

As for the Faction competitions, they claim unlimited attention, and keen interest is manifested. Very few points separate the Factions, and as the sports season is on the verge of closing, the final bid for the premiership will bring about the climax of a well-contested season.

Before closing we must thank the students for their liberal support in producing this magazine, and hope that they will continue to maintain the high standard which it has attained through the endeavours of past students of the School.

M. KEALY.

R. GRACE.

1st December, 1924.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Though always far from being monotonous, school life during past months has been of an extremely eventful nature. All through last term the all-engrossing topic was that of the trip to Perth for the first annual meeting of the Secondary School Sports, and amidst great excitement our hockey, tennis, and football teams left for the greatly longed-for event. The sports comprised athletics, hockey, football and tennis matches, and were quite up to expectations. Although we did not shine at any branch of sport, we were not disheartened but determined to improve in future years. However, the fact that we are such a young school, and still lack the required facilities for sport, probably accounted for our failure. This is the first meeting of this type which has yet been held, and we sincerely hope that it will remain a fixture. Not only does it tend to propagate a true sporting spirit, but brings together the young people of the different schools, and schools which have hitherto only been a name to us assume a more familiar aspect.

During the interval we were in Perth we were very kindly invited to the great occasion of the year—Modern School Re-union dance, and, needless to say, it proved a night of great enjoyment to all present.

Shortly after our return to school this term our own Re-union dance took place, and the school gymnasium echoed to the sound of happy laughter and gay voices. The gymnasium had been prettily decorated by the members of the Fours and Fives, and the many young people who participated in the pleasures of the evening eagerly look forward to such another occasion.

When we recollect all that has passed this term we realise that we have had quite a series of happy little entertainments. One Saturday night Miss Stephens very kindly invited us to a wireless concert at school. Light refresh-

ments had been thoughtfully provided, and besides the pleasure of listening to a most interesting wireless concert, we were also granted permission to hold a little informal dance in the school gym. This dance, however, was a very impromptu affair; but, nevertheless, it was greatly appreciated by everybody, and we all offer our thanks to Miss Stephens for her generosity.

After a period of dull weather, we were all overjoyed to have a nice sunshiny day for the second annual Boys' Sport Day. Many visitors were present on this occasion, barracking quite as heartily as enthusiastic Faction members. Afternoon tea was provided by the ladies' committee and greatly enjoyed by all.

Girls' Sport Day was held on the following day, and though not nearly such a pompous affair as the former great event, still it was a scene of great enthusiasm (especially on the part of the girls), and afforded, too, a great deal of pleasure both to those who took part in the sports and onlookers.

On 11th November we received another visit, this time from the Directors of Education from all the States of Australia. This visit was of very short duration, however; in fact, many of us only caught the slightest glimpse of the great men.

We wish to welcome Miss S. Weickhardt, B.A., to our midst, and hope that the time she spends at our school will prove a very happy one for her.

We must not forget to mention that during the term we received a visit from Mr. Batchelor, who gave us a very interesting talk about the Nor'-West. We also attended his lantern lecture, and received some most instructive information about this vast portion of our State.

University examinations are fast approaching, and with them the attendant feelings of fear and dismay which trouble

the hearts of prospective examinees. Doubtless the numerous tests given by heartless teachers have served to increase these fears, but we are sure things are not as bad as they appear, and wish all students taking the exams the very best of luck.

Again the time of parting draws near, and soon we will be losing our fifth-formers. We thank them for all that they have done for the school, and in bidding them good-bye we also extend to them our heartiest wishes for a bright and successful future.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: "The Collegiate," "The Kookaburra," "The Sphinx," "The Cygnet," "The Swan," "The Mitre."

DOOMED.

He is troubled. It does not take a very acute mind to perceive this. His clothes are disarranged, his hair ruffled, and his nerves on edge. Distractedly he paces the cold concrete floor, and the cold, bare passages echo to his restless footsteps.

This poor human wreck presents a truly pitiable sight to the eye. His cheeks are wan and pale, his eyes aflame with a restless excitement, and his body twitching at every sound. Every minute he becomes more worked up and nervous. His fingers clutch at his hair, and he becomes nothing short of a tottering wreck.

Dull footsteps echo along the passage. His nerves become tenser; his whole attitude more strained; but the footsteps pass, and the "human wreck" sighs and subsides. Again a long period of waiting, waiting in which the minutes seem like hours, and the hours like days.

At last! The footsteps echo again. "Ah!" This breathless exclamation issues from the mouth of the waiting one. A grim-looking person robed in black enters bearing a pile of red-covered books.

Eagerly one is snatched, and the leaves are quickly turned by the trembling fingers, while a shiver of excitement passes through his body. His starting eyes glare at the pages, and his tongue babbles in an uncontrollable manner. His doom hangs in the balance. "Hurrah!" He is saved. The "Kingia" has accepted his article.

"First Former."

"HAVERS."

Everyone knows that dreadful "Monday morning feeling"; but that feeling is intensified a thousand times in the unfortunate fifth-formers when they recollect at the eleventh hour that an English test is rapidly overtaking them. Hastily looking over their work, they settle themselves to three-quarters of an hour of intense brain fag.

But the tests themselves are not so bad, at least one can look forward to yet a few days more of life; it is when results come out that one prays for the immediate end of the world.

The brave form master enters in a most noisy and officious manner, slaps his books down on the table, and proceeds with his work of destruction. First the passes are complimented, and while they bask in the sunshine of his wide and beneficent smile, the unfortunates say good-bye to life, which by this time has lost all its savour.

Then the unfortunate failures are marched forth, tried by court-martial, and summarily condemned to death. They are not mercifully despatched like ordinary felons, their crime is too great for that. They are murdered by inches, with most horrible attendant tortures.

Pacing up and down, his noble brow drawn with rage, he delivers a stirring oration on the futility of ever again

hoping to pass that terrible trial, which awaits us in the near future—the Leaving.

Seeing that our intellectual visages bear no evidence that our souls are fired with a desperate resolve to do or die, he rouses himself to even greater heights of eloquence; finally, having given us an excellent demonstration of that vulgar but telling expression “hitting the roof,” he gathers his gown (?) around him with a majestic though wrathful motion and leaves the room “scattered with dead and dying.”

Oh, that glorious time that is coming, when the exam. will have passed into the limbo of the past and forgotten, and the “Ogre” shakes off his “ogreishness” and becomes once more just “Puck.”

ESILE.

FANCY.

Of a dim fancy, half-remembered dream,
 Elusive in the dim grey filtering dawn,
 Waves at the fluttering eyes,
 Skims thro' the tumbling skies
 Of a mind from visioned sleep reluctant
 drawn;
 And lightly laughing, flees the eager
 thought
 That rises in straining waves
 From Neptune's darkest caves
 To reach her flying cloak, and hold her
 caught.

I wonder does the sweet-eyed laughing
 Fancy
 Stop, and mourning gaze with folded wings
 With deep and sad surprise in her great
 eyes;
 Or does she laugh and dance and sing
 And skip towards another dreamy bed.

—R. S.

About a fortnight ago we were afflicted, or rather honoured, by the visitation of some inspectors to our school. No matter how nice and sympathetic, or savage and apathetic, an inspector may be, his rumoured approach is hailed with exclamations of horror from all sides.

Then the day arrives, and he or they with it. Every student worthy of the school to which he belongs appears in his school array, walks with a martial tread, and more silently than usual. The girl students give their hair an extra pat, and everyone makes an honest endeavour to arrive at a respectable hour.

The poor prefects glide around with harassed expressions on their faces, and pray, beseech, and command those of the lower forms to be on their best behaviour.

The inspectors arrive—their solemn tread is heard on the upper corridor while those of the lower rooms sincerely hope they will stay there. Then they are heard descending the stairs and the situation is reversed. When they enter a room each student hopes earnestly that no question will be darted at him. But the ordeal is not so terrible as vivid imaginations paint it, and as a matter of fact a smile is not an unusual expression upon the faces of these unwelcome guests.

After a couple of days the visitors depart with a large file of notes creditable and otherwise. The tension relaxes and the students betake themselves down the town, where they gracefully ride the galloping horses and indulge in swing-boat rides, which it must be confessed are far more to their taste than inspectorial visits.

L. J.

OUR ANNUAL PLAGUE.

After any period of tension, history teaches us that there must always come a period of re-action. So it is with the students of the Bunbury High School, who after all are no more than human.

THAT DREADFUL JUNIOR.

All my brain is in a whirl; and why?
 All because of that dreadful “Junior.”

As each minute passes, on comes that terrible examination, which creeps ever nearer and nearer, like some huge

monster, only too ready to devour you, while every day one feels a thrill as he or she thinks how near the "Junior" already is.

At present it is the predominating feature of my life. I hear "Junior" all day long, I dream it all night long, and oh, the nightmares!—for already I have seen some of my results printed in black and white; but hush, I dare not tell them.

School now represents a series of tests to our poor weary brains; but we do not complain. Who would complain at having such privileges as tests conferred upon them? It is not we who should murmur against such, but our poor tutors, who, having actually marked our paper, require a rest before starting the next.

We have received our number cards (another indication of the nearness of the "Junior"), and have found that they all contain the number thirteen. Is this a good omen—that Fate is going to deal kindly with us poor victims of learning, and give us a reward commensurate with our hard year's study? Such is our fervent prayer.

There are a few in our class who are not taking the "Junior," much to their delight. How they smile at us whenever that word is mentioned; but, nothing daunted, we return the smile of conquerors in prospect.

One of our mistresses quite enjoys reminding us of the grim fact that in so many weeks from Wednesday we will be having our "Junior history." How our hearts palpitate, but our sighs fall unheeded on our mistress's unsympathetic ear.

Only three more weeks, and then the "Junior"—five more weeks and we are free from school toil for at least a few weeks, some of us maybe forever. What of the "Junior" then? If we pass, how happy we shall be; and if we fail, we can but try again.

AN ELEGY.

When writing about this uplifting and exalted theme I feel inclined, like Shakespeare, to cry, "Oh, for a muse of fire to ascend the brightest heaven of invention." For I am about to tell the story of a servant's devotion to a base and ungrateful master. I have no doubt that this servant first entered his master's service one thrilling "grad" night "long, long ago," and was then in the prime of his life; but since then he has fallen, like his master, on evil days. For, sad to relate, he has been forced to dwell in a land fraught with dire perils. Cruel hatpicks, door-knobs, keys, backs of chairs and cupboard locks hemmed him in on all sides. Whenever his master went abroad, his faithful and devoted servant suffered. Although his master, watching the sufferings of his devoted servant, was moved to terrible grief (the Scotch and Hebrew element will doubtless sympathise) he was powerless to aid him. Sad to relate, many of the inhabitants of this new land took an immense delight in the misfortunes of the pair.

At last this unfortunate bondman suffered a heartrending accident—the amputation of the lower part of his anatomy.

But even so, he could not desert his post, and he is still braving, in his present disabled condition, the terrible dangers which beset him. But I have heard a terrible rumour. I trust, for the sake of the inhabitants of the aforementioned land, that it is false. Report has it that this cruel master, dissatisfied with the incompetent service which the battered veteran renders him, has decided to cast him forth to the dust-bin, in favour of a new and shining garment in which he hopes to dazzle the world.

It cannot be! Even I, member of that base and inhuman band, which delighted in his humiliation and subsequent bereavement, even I say that it must not be. Let him rather end his days behind the door of that delightful region of surprises, the staff-room, beneath him a tablet of brass on which shall be engraved the legend, "Faithful even unto death."

W. E.

E. McC.

CAMERA CLUB NOTES.

So far the Camera Club has not become such a prominent institution in the school as the President and the members had hoped. There have been several competitions and at the recent Agricultural Show there was a fine display of "snaps," Miss N. Abrahamson and R. Grace being the two successful contestants. We have not yet had any picnics of any sort, although as the weather becomes finer, we shall probably have some very enjoyable times together.

The membership of the Club is gradually increasing, though slowly, and it is a pity that there are not more girls interested in photography. New members are always welcome.

THE STORM.

Bursting through the fleecy white clouds, idly floating before it, the sun ever and anon shone forth, and bathed the ocean with a halo of scintillating light and flashing and sparkling beauty. The rays of the setting sun, alighting on the never ceasing wavelets, and on the almost imperceptible swell, added to the natural beauty of the ocean, and gave to it an appearance of unparalleled grandeur.

Sinking lower and lower, the sun disappeared behind a bank of dark, gloomy grey, clouds, which had suddenly appeared and its light shone feebly through them. The sea ceased sparkling, the wind, hitherto a gentle breeze, arose in violence, tossing the spray high into the air. The sun sank lower, it dipped on the horizon, the wind increased in force, and large drops of rain began to fall in ever increasing quantity. The last feeble rays of the sun disappeared, darkness fell as suddenly as if a huge blanket had been cast over the sea. With loud shrieks and groans the wind tore overhead, and the waves, by now very huge, dashed themselves into foam and spray, which after being cast high into the air, were hurled forward by the hurricane wind. The foaming water turned phosphorescent, and presented a

beautiful, even if an awe inspiring, picture.

For hours the storm raged in unabated fury, and then about an hour before dawn it ceased, as suddenly as it had begun. When the first streaks of dawn appeared over the horizon, the wind had subsided to a gentle breeze and the rain had ceased. The sky was brilliantly clear, except right over near the horizon, where there was a clump of white clouds. Indeed, so sudden had the storm arisen and declined, one could have taken it for a dream, that he had had that night. The ocean, was gently tossing, but the swell was slightly greater than it had been the preceding afternoon. By noon, the sea had resumed all its tranquility and a peaceful quietness was reigning everywhere.

H. S.

EX-STUDENT NOTES.

Greetings from ex-Students! Another year is drawing to a close and we are all looking forward to the Xmas holidays

Things have not altered much with us. Several fairly successful socials have been held and everyone attending these have appeared to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

We had great pleasure in taking part in the school sports and wish to thank the school for the three Old Boys events provided. Also I think we may well congratulate the school on running such a successful day.

The ex-Student Girls' Hockey team is now quite a going concern and has played several matches against the school. Honors are about even I believe.

Our membership roll is slowly increasing, but there is still ample room for improvement. Will all intending members please communicate with the secretary?

Remembering the times when we were girls and boys at school and how we dreaded the horrors of exams.—we wish all students the best of luck in the forthcoming examinations and trust they will uphold the reputation of our old school.

C. M. FERGUSON,

Hon. Sec.

SCHOOL COMMANDMENTS.

And the teachers spake unto them saying—

- (i.) Thou shalt have none other thought than pertains to study.
- (ii.) Thou shalt not neglect thine English, for thine English Master is a jealous master and doth not take excuses.
- (iii.) Thou shalt not attend picture shows or the like.
- (iv.) Thou shalt "parlez français" at "soirées."
- (v.) Thou shalt not shirk thine homework.
- (vi.) Thou shalt not distribute paper around thine room.
- (vii.) Thou shalt not mount the stairs before first bell.
- (viii.) Thou shalt not nick thy neighbour's sandshoes.
- (ix.) Thou shalt not electrocute.
- (x.) Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's brains, nor his books, nor his pencils, nor his rubber, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.

ANON.

A FOREST TRAGEDY.

Save for the gentle rustling of the leaves in the tree-tops and the mournful cry of a distant wild pigeon, not a sound disturbed the breathless hush that reigned over the mighty forest. The last, golden ray of the sinking sun shot for a moment through the crowded tree-trunks and was gone. The lone hunter with his two fleet-footed kangaroo-dogs paused upon the rocky crest of a forest-clad hill. Throughout the afternoon he had travelled over rugged hills and through verdant glens without catching even one glimpse of what he sought; and now, weary and footsore, he halted as though in admiration of the surrounding scene.

It was indeed a beautiful, a wonderful country. With its huge boulders standing sentinel as they had stood for generations past; with its stately forest giants raising their massive arms as though in admiration and gratitude toward the heavens; yes, with its wealth of glory and majesty and grandeur, this great range, once seen, could never be forgotten. There was something awe-inspiring and terrible in the stern magnificence of what nature had here wrought. The gigantic, forest-clad slopes, rearing their huge forms against the sky; the steep, rocky ridges and stony inclines that for thousands of years had withstood the repeated onslaughts of nature's stormy forces, all added to the eerie loneliness of the scene. The weary traveller was filled with a new and hitherto foreign feeling of admiration and wonderment, and with a realisation of the weakness and meanness of mankind.

Thud! thud! thud! In an instant the reclining dogs had sprung to their feet and were racing down the slope. A huge kangaroo crashed through a clump of low gum bushes less than twenty yards distant and bounded away toward the valley beyond. The hunter, thus rudely awakened from his reverie, started and, trembling with excitement, leaned forward to gaze into the valley where his well-trained dogs were fast gaining upon the flying kangaroo. It had all happened so abruptly. He was startled and bewildered for a moment, but his surprise soon gave way to intense interest, and his interest to fascination. At a bend in the small creek which watered the valley the dogs were racing upon the very heels of the flying marsupial. In a last valiant but vain endeavour to save itself the kangaroo turned, and with back against a massive jarrah tree, faced its pursuers.

For a moment the dogs hesitated. They appeared to weigh the possibilities of victory over their gigantic antagonist, bravely facing almost certain death, its short fore-paws slowly swaying upwards and downwards, and its noble form towering high above them. Only for a

moment did they pause; then with a snarl the bravest, or perhaps the most foolhardy, leapt. One terrible downward sweep of the marsupial's deadly hind-paw tore a ghastly wound in the dog's side, and the stricken animal sank, fatally wounded, to the earth. In an instant the second dog was upon the kangaroo, and its teeth sank deep into the doomed creature's throat. By this time the hunter had arrived upon the scene, and with the aid of the rifle which he carried, terminated the bloody combat.

An awful silence descended upon the forest. The very leaves of the trees, as though awed by the terrible nature of the tragedy that had occurred, almost ceased in their rustling, and the cry of the wild pigeon was heard no more. An expression almost of fear crept into the eyes of the hunter, and he gazed slowly and uneasily around him, as in some supernatural presence. The one remaining dog regarded the dead kangaroo, half in triumph, half in admiration, and then silently reclined upon the soft green turf. The dark mantle of Night enclosed the forest, while far down the stream a young kangaroo yearned for the parent that would never return, and slowly died.

R. B.

THE ENGLISH TEST.

A room of worried students, a black-board with four questions, and a master calmly pacing up and down the room, are the necessities for an English test. Feverishly clutching their pens and vainly endeavouring to restrain their emotions, the scholars glare in a most heart-rending fashion at the hieroglyphics transcribed (and evidently understood only) by the English master. Hurried searchings through books just before the dreaded order of "All books away now, please," leave the students with perplexed thoughts as to whether such-and-such a quotation belongs to one poem or another. And then, in a desperate attempt to collect

their scattered thoughts, they commence the first question.

Silence reigns, save for the scratching of pens, the rattling of ink-wells, and the rustle of paper, for about fifteen minutes. Then a timid question of, "Will you tell me the time, please?" and the answer of, "Five minutes past twelve," forces the realisation on the student that he has wasted ten minutes in trying to find out the one line he has omitted from his poem.

Rushing on to the next question, he discovers it is only to be a summary. Oh, joy! But the joy is short-lived; in soft, silky tones he is reminded by the master that summaries are not to be written in the (a), (b), (c) style. A little time is wasted in recovering from the blow so maliciously dealt by the supervisor, who still continues in a calm voice to remind him that one should never get flurried in an exam. According to him there is always plenty of time. Oh, yes, the student agrees, plenty of time for one question; but the thought of four questions in three-quarters of an hour is, to say the least, the limit.

Exhausted with his efforts on the first two questions the student sits chewing his pen, contemplating if a girl the possibilities of fainting, or if a boy that of abruptly leaving the room without any explanation, as a means of escaping, in both cases, the horror of the last two questions. But courage prevails, and attacking the paper in real earnest, each scatters ink in all directions. Inspirations come thick and fast and hope revives, when that same disturbing voice announces that there is exactly one minute to go.

At that moment the bell rings; sounds of tumult float through the open door to the almost distracted pupils within, pens fly even faster over paper, the dreaded hand advances for his answer and, in a despairing voice pleading a little more time, he is met with the order of, "Hurry up, please." Realising that he pleads in vain he staggers out of the room, and hurries as fast as possible to where a

sympathetic crowd is discussing the horror and proposed abolition of English Tests.

But the agony is not yet over. There still remains the marking of the papers, which according to the English master is even worse than the writing of them (although we, of course, do not believe this), and the giving out of the marks. At the same time, four days later the same children occupy the same room with equally worried faces. It is a time of anxiety. Slowly and calmly the papers are given out by the hard-hearted (?) object of terror. Exclamations of "How lovely! I've passed," from the girls, and "How awful! I've failed," from the boys bring forth a rebuke from the master followed by a positive explosion on our general stupidity. But why dwell on such a terrible scene? "All's well that ends well," and after a breathless three-quarters of an hour we are allowed to go, thankful that there is one whole hour before the next English period, and three whole days before the next English test.

FLAME.

EVENING.

Sweet evening! oft thy level gentle eyes
Have I beheld, and loved their quiet calm,
Thy smile, thy dainty, never-failing charm;
Yet ever do I find some new surprise,
Some noble cloud, unseen before that lies
Along the horizon, softly glowing,
Some new tone from the stream intently
 flowing,
Or whirr of homing wings across the skies.
A faint strange perfume wafted unawares,
New lights on flowers—a saffron gleam that
 flares,
Rifting the tender dusk. Calm gracious
 hour,
Sweet interlude serene—though cares devour
And worldly-wise ambitions hide day's light
Each close thou come'st to heal and bless
 e'er night.

—Stump.

A CORAL ISLAND.

Far away across our bows the first rays of the sun, which had not yet risen above the horizon, were tinting the light fleecy clouds a delicate pink shade which gradu-

ally merged into yellow and then into a bluish-purple. Far in the distance off our starboard bow could faintly be discerned the low sandy beach of a coral island—our destination.

Morning arose in unclouded splendour as our small vessel cast anchor off the entrance to the blue lagoon of the coral island of Wahiti. From inland, wafted gently on the morning breeze, came the scent of the gaily-coloured verbenas, while over the bosom of the scarcely rippling lagoon the sea-gulls dipped and wheeled, uttering sharp cries.

Above us stretched the unclouded azure of the heavens, whilst below us was the clear, limpid water of the Pacific. Here and there shoals of fish leaping clear of the water disturbed the peaceful silence of the lagoon. Then across the expanse of the sheltered waters, from the sloping shores, skimmed the catamarans of the natives, and soon we were besieged by crowds of noisy blacks with edible fruits.

Morning merged into drowsy mid-day and mid-day into afternoon, and the air, charged with electricity, seemed to forbode some evil; the sea-birds returned to the island; the cocoa-nut palms, stirring their tops, seemed to be full of suppressed excitement.

The wind began to rise, clouds to cover the skies, and huge drops began to fall hissing over the waters of the lagoon. The lightning crackled and flared to the accompaniment of peal upon peal of thunder. In a few short minutes all the beauty and splendour of the morning scene was gone. Nothing that was beautiful now remained save for the ruggedness of the scene.

On the island the cocoa-nut palms bent over before the fierceness of the gale—no sea-birds wheeled and dipped into the blue stillness of the tropical seas, no catamarans skimmed silently across the level expanse; but now midst seething showers and crackling lightning the huge, leaden Pacific rollers pounded and crashed into foam on the coral reef in one long, continuous roar.

W. S.

ADVICE TO SPORTS COMMITTEES.

It is an acknowledged fact that Sport Committees are very necessary, especially in secondary schools; and yet, without wishing to slander them, I am fully convinced that they are sadly in need of improvement. At present they seem to consist of people labouring under the delusion that they are to draw up programmes of races, jumping, etc., which will give the fleetest of foot an opportunity of displaying their prowess. They appear to forget that there are, to-day, a very large number of people known in the boxing circle as "heavy-weights," and that these people are, perhaps, in more need of strenuous exercise than the lanky inhabitants of this planet.

To appreciate fully the sense of this argument it is necessary to watch a race the competitors of which range in weight from 7 stone odd to 13 stone not out. They line up, they start, there is a rushing of wind, a pounding of turf, numerous gasps and splutters, and all is over. See the results: the greased lightning representatives are home and cooling down while the poor "heavy-weights" are left two or three yards from the starting line. And then people wonder and exclaim when one of the poor unfortunates declines to enter for another race!

Now, I can suggest two excellent remedies for this sad state of affairs. Firstly, in a race similar to the one just described it would be a very good idea if someone was employed to call "Reverse" or "Right-about turn" just before the lanky, overgrown people get to the winning-post. Think of the excitement which would be caused; and besides, the poor "heavy-weights" would have a very excellent opportunity of coming first without any danger of bringing on heart failure. The second remedy is equally worthy of commendation. Why not have a race especially for the benefit of all over 12 stone? Besides giving everyone an equal chance of winning it would be a source of amusement for the spectators, who might otherwise be a trifle bored.

"Heavy-weight."

BUNBURY.

My first introduction to Bunbury took place on one of those delightful spring days when the warm sun shines dazzlingly upon the white sand hills and sparkles in innumerable jewels over the blue waters of Koombana Bay; when a gentle breeze fills the sails of the yachts flitting down the green-banked Estuary and out among the sombre trading vessels; and the joyous cry of the sea-birds mingles with the laughter of the bathers and pleasure-seekers who crowd along the beach. I only stayed one afternoon, and as I said good-bye, standing upon the rocks beside the foamy channel watching the fiery sun

"Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea,"

Bunbury became to me a synonym for "Paradise."

Again I visited Bunbury: but where now had fled that beauty which, after many wanderings, had called me back to refresh a fragrant, though faded memory? The cool green fields on the outskirts of the town were lost beneath dreary-looking sheets of muddy water, the streets were wet and sloppy, and a chill, bitter wind flung the stinging sand into my face. I looked towards the harbour and saw it empty and desolate, deserted even by the cargo steamers; of the baths where the crowd had sported so gaily nothing was now left but a few broken posts rocking to and fro in the water.

What a disillusionment! Even as the thought came to me my eyes strayed out towards the open sea, and where the foam-crested billows crashed against the dark rocks of the breakwater, whirling high into the air fantastic forms of spray, where wild storm-birds flew screaming along the beach, almost overpowered by the sweeping wind, where snowy foam-flakes flew from the rocky channels down along the sand, there I found again the beauty I had lost.

Whatever beauty Bunbury may claim, it is to be found, not in her buildings, though several of them are very fine; not, far from it, in her gardens nor in the planning and setting out of the town, but

in the moods and changes of her sky and sea: the vivid magnificence of summer calm, or wilder and more majestic but none the less exquisite, the tempestuous beauty of an angry sky and sea.

M.

GYMNASIUM FOR GIRLS OF THE UPPER SCHOOL.

When the bell rings for the last period on Tuesday morning, the fourth and fifth form girls, immaculate in well pressed gym frocks and spotless blouses, not to mention snowwhite sandshoes, adjourn to the gymnasium. Here for three-quarters of an hour we strive nobly to make ourselves graceful, to put back our shoulders, pull in our chins and raise the back of our heads.

One glance at the absorbed expression on the face of one of our number, and the Charlie Chaplin attitude of her feet suffice to reduce the class to a state of suppressed giggling, but sarcastic comments on our childishness and general stupidity eventually restore order.

Then we try a little show marching, point our toes gracefully and proceed without undue jerking for a few minutes, but the stork march again proves too much for our gravity, and we continue raising our knees and pointing our toes with childish smiles lighting up our faces, which are usually solemn, as become students on whom rests the awful responsibility of setting a good example to the rest of the school.

Take a glance round our class. We are eleven in number, of various heights, widths and degrees of beauty, but one glance will suffice to convince the casual observer that at gym we all shine.

"Astride, jumping, counting to eight, girls," comes the order. We place our hands firmly on our hips and leap with varying degrees of elegance. However, somehow or other, we get a little out of time, and the movement has to be done

again, until at the eighth clap, the feet of each student come together in the correct position. This difficult matter is at last accomplished and the period concludes with a few well chosen games.

We form in a circle and throw a net ball with much force though little accuracy of aim to each other. The first time one drops the ball one hand has to be placed behind the back and at the second failure to catch it, the girl goes out. It is really astonishing the amount of enthusiasm that can be worked up over such a game.

Another favourite is one which probably you have all seen children in about the Third Standard playing. We all form into two lines and number in pairs. Then the teacher stands at the head of the ranks and calls a number, the bearers of which race out, take the balls and run right round the line and return them to her again, the winner gaining one point for her side. Running is splendid exercise they say, so this pleasant game is hailed with delight. But ah! there goes the bell, lunch time at last! And we all troop joyfully homewards, discussing the amount of amusement which can be extracted from one period of gym a week.

N.J.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

The following notes, elucidating the text of Dontyou Ah-now's great work "Shnorab and Bustum," have been extracted from Professor Ggulj's manuscript, and are here inserted for the benefit of English students.

Tartars:

A race of people whose diet consisted of "cream of tartar" ($K.H.(H_2C_4O_6)$ and sea water.

Peran-Wisa:

A great Persian statesman. He was the first to realise the great possibilities of using Persian cats to give the "squeal" to jazz orchestras.

Shmorab:

He was a mighty warrior, famed for feats of strength. He could easily bend a wooden match between his eye-lashes.

Afrasiab:

King of Tartary. He thrice invaded a fowl-house, but was foully slain during the last excursion.

Zal:

An ancient Persian warrior. During his declining years, he spent much time manufacturing fish-hooks.

Bokhara and Khiva:

The provinces were far-famed for the prowess of their warriors, who, it is said, upheld the doctrine, "Early to bed and early to rise, etc."

Bustum:

A one-time national hero of Persia. Some have ascribed his vast strength to the fact that he dined on sulphur and red-lead, and often took deep breathing exercise off the compressed air cylinders.

Gudurz:

He was a friend of Bustum. Early in life he forwarded a patent concerned with the extraction of hair for violin bows, from the extreme rear appendages of horses. On the intervention of the S.P.C.A. he was forced to abandon the proposition of giving his patent a practical application.

Ruksh:

Some archeologists say that the name signifies an ancient Persian type of Ford car. Others, again, have arrived at the conclusion that Ruksh was Bustum's renowned steed. The poet tells us that Ruksh "uttered a dreadful cry." Now, most Ford cars "utter a dreadful cry," whereas horses usually neigh or whinney. From these facts, we would infer that the poet has accepted the first mentioned opinion as correct.

Kai, Khosroo:

A highly renowned warrior, who dieted on saw-dust, treacle, fish-glue, and eggshells. He slew Afrasiab in single combat by means of a hat-pin and a tin-opener.

A note on the poet:—

Many critics have compared Dontyou Ah-now with Spokeshave, and Milktin, the comparison, as far as can be ascertained, being in point of time. Such anachronisms can scarcely be tolerated.

J.L.

THE DEATH OF A TREE.

For years it has occupied the vacant space opposite. At first, quite small; but always straight and sturdy, always green and beautiful, pointing straight upwards; its little branches sweeping outwards towards its base in promise of the mighty giant it would some day be.

During the last few years it grew by leaps and bounds, until it stood as I like to remember it, a young giant, indeed, from its slender crown to its rough brown roots, a true and glorious production of old dame Nature.

In summer it gave shade to the children of the neighbourhood, who played beneath it, and many a historic game if "allies" was played on the hardened ground around it.

During the winter the shrill north wind whistled through its green boughs, making that indescribable and weirdly beautiful song, which only the pine-trees know how to sing. True herald of a coming storm, it never failed to sound a note of warning, when the black clouds were gathering in the north-west, over the "Lighthouse Hill." Known down the length and breadth of the road as a certain shelter, many a crowd of school children have sheltered beneath it on rainy days, and no matter how fierce the shower, they were always sheltered.

Always the children's friend, in the hour of its destruction they did not forget it, and were loud in their expressions of regret and grief when it fell.

Its destruction was inevitable, when the original owners left the house, for it had become too large for the plot in which

it was growing; and with the coming of warning, when the black clouds were new tenants, its doom was sealed. One day there arrived two men, who proceeded to fell it. Two miserable, puny, outlanders, who were not fit to touch such a beautiful thing. For two days they continued with their hateful task, shearing away its beautiful green crown, and leaving it stark and bare, outlined like a battered skeleton against the evening sky. On the third day, after repeated attacks from the destroyers, it fell—but not unavenged. The beautiful cross-cut saw, which the men prized so highly, they had carelessly left in the half-sawn butt; and when they had cleared up debris, they found it broken in halves. The vengeance of nature on the destroyer man!

E. McC.

THE FIFTH FORM.

It was in an evil hour that the care of the school flower (?) garden was assigned to the fifth form girls. It is true that one hopeful member of the form once made a heroic attempt to water it with a tea-cup; but the only signs of interest manifested by her form-mates have been to cast contemptuous glances on the garden when passing, and to make scathing and sarcastic remarks about the efforts of the industrious student.

The Physics Lab. seems to be a favourite haunt of the fifth form. As soon as the bell rings in the morning, the fifth form scientists retire to this stronghold; and then follow terrible explosions, and the shrieks of unfortunate victims being electrified by these "perfidious oppressors."

The fact that their Leaving Exam. is drawing perilously near does not seem to be causing the boys of the form to lose much sleep; but the girls, poor souls, consider their time so precious that they have reserved their Domestic Science

periods for "private study"—which, when indulged in by the Fifth Form, is neither private nor study.

They consider themselves at liberty to stroll in late to lectures, to "forget" their homework, and to go to their lockers at forbidden hours. They, the high and mighty, the Fifth Form of the Bunbury High School, are not bound down by any mean and petty regulations imposed on the lower forms. But when the dreaded visit of the inspector comes they walk about the school with a stately and dignified tread, with a remarkable air of "modest stillness and humility," with their homework done, and their books tidy—very models of perfect Fifth Form Lights.

M.H.

TO THE DARLING RANGES.

Far distant range, communer with the sky;
Hills of my youth, glens of the days gone
by;

The Hand that wrought thy beauty and thy
power

Hath wrought the daisy, and the smallest
flower;

Hath wrought in thee my vision day and
night,

And filled me with a longing for thy sight.

For I have dwelt beside thy rippling rills,
And roamed unfettered o'er thy fern-cloaked
hills;

Have loved thee with a deep and sincere
love,

Have hailed thee, a creation from above;
And love thee still, and gaze with longing
eye

Toward thy form against the distant sky.

And when the toil of this term's work is
o'er

I'll turn toward thy wooded heights once
more,

And roam again beneath thy verdant trees,
And hear their leaves a-whispering in the
breeze;

Then linger by thy brooks of yellow foam
And dream of future years—and then of
Home.

—R. B.

THE FEMININE SEX.

(A reply to K. H.)

In the last issue of the "Kingia" a person styling himself K. H. has complained of the difficulty he experiences in understanding the actions and the motives of the feminine sex. Lest anyone should, from the tone of his contribution, gather any ideas detrimental to that sex, I hasten to explain to him and to the world in general the reasons for his essentially masculine stupidity.

His first complaint is that it is useless to argue with a woman. Exactly, K. H.. I entirely agree. What is the good of arguing if you are not on the right side, and where is the woman who, even if she didn't start there, was not on the right side before the argument finished? As to the fear for your physical integrity that you profess, it is generally admitted that a soft substance absorbs more readily than a hard one, and so we most naturally assume that by softening you a little, we may be able to induce you to absorb a few of our sane and reasonable ideas.

You seem to object rather strongly to our expressing our emotions by natural methods, such as musical laughter, or slightly augmented speech, which you most vulgarly term "giggling" and "screaming." I would remind you that we have feelings, even though such may be beneath the high-minded male, for there is a saying that "Where there's no sense there's no feeling;" and if the converse of this be true, then it is very obvious that you *do* lack them. As for our laughter, that is caused by something of which you have doubtless never heard before; it is called a sense of humour. Oh, no! of course I quite understand that you, being of the masculine sex, never knew there was such a thing, and so I will explain to you what it is. It is that which causes us to feel amused, or at least diverted, when an incident such as this occurs: a student heads his page with the striking title, "The End of Knowledge" (apparently with some distant thoughts of studying Bacon), and

then proceeds, in the space beneath, to prove that $a \times a = a^2$.

And for your final objection, that we converse too freely, we strongly advise you to take up such a course yourselves for a week or two, for there is nothing like the exchange of opinions to improve the mind—and there you have the secret of the immense superiority of our minds over yours. But of course it may be that you know nothing to talk about, and as in that case it needs just a little brains to make conversation, I fear you would again be floored.

I sincerely hope, K. H., that at the conclusion of your persual of this highly instructive piece of journalism you will find yourself wiser and more capable of studying the virtues and talents of the feminine sex, and also, when next you seek information on such a subject, that you request it in a manner less offensive and more humble, as is befitting and comely in a mere male.

M. K.

PREFECTS' NOTES.

This term we have had little to worry or amuse us. The lower forms have been more or less quiet, and beyond hunting a few stragglers downstairs before first bell every morning, and keeping the lockers moderately free from earnest young book-seekers, we have had little to do. Our meetings grow gradually less frequent, from which one may deduce that things progress smoothly.

At present, that dreaded event—the Leaving, occupies most of our time and thoughts, and we have not had time properly to realise that we will not be back next year.

"There is some soul of good in all things evil," said one of our poets. Indeed the exam. has such a "soul of good" that it prevents us from realizing too fully that we will soon leave the old school, and all the friendships that we have made here.

Let us hope that those who carry on next year will keep up old traditions, or better still, since we are still a young school, make new ones; for all traditions must come from those who are at the school—no one else can make them.

With this, we will close our notes, wishing the whole school, the staff, and our successors good luck and good-bye.

“The Prefects.”

A RAMBLE.

Have you ever been for a ramble to any of the hundred-and-one delightful spots around Bunbury? Just a lazy stroll with no definite destination or object? If so, you will realise the charm of an afternoon spent in this way, and recall the many beauties and interests which then attracted the attention.

The other day I set out on such a walk. Up the straggling white stretch of Beach Road, under a shady archway of leafy green I proceeded, and then followed an indeterminate little pathway which seemed uncertain as to which direction it should go. This path, flanked on either side by shrubby smoke-bushes of a restful grey, led us to some small old-fashioned houses set in a surrounding of flowers and partly cultivated fields. The first house, constructed of dark red stone, seemed as if it had been built by convicts in the far-off days. Near by some cows grazed peacefully, and in the yard a host of fowls created a noisy, fussy din, which greatly resembled the uproar of a crowd of very excited females.

Farther on, an inhabitant of a very tumbledown-looking shack, leaned against the crazy fence in an attitude of lazy abandon. Attired in a grey flannel shirt, a pair of trousers of nodescript hue, a large pair of battered boots, and a disreputable old felt hat which had certainly seen better days, set on a thatch of wiry hair, he presently shambled off, puffing luxuriously at a villainous-looking black pipe.

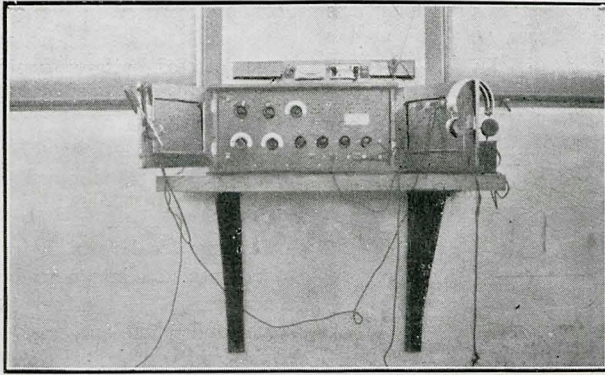
Leaving the houses, I passed under a wire fence and into a wilderness of cool shady green. Underfoot the grass was fresh and abundant, and overhead the rays of the sun slanted through the shady foliage of the trees.

Through this small expanse of Australian bush I strolled, and soon arrived at the bare sandhills, devoid of vegetation except for a few stunted, hardy scrubs. Over the bleak stretch of undulating sand, and thence to the cool, sea-sprayed beach. The ocean was still a heaving, tumultuous stretch of sombre wintry grey; the foam-flecked waves rose to a threatening height, and then broke with a booming crash on the margin of the beach, scattering into innumerable little wavelets which hissed and rippled over the golden sand. Overhead the seagulls wheeled and dipped, uttering their plaintive little cries.

As the sun set in a crimson glow, rendering the sky with swords of flame, I left the desolate scene and walked home under the darkening canopy of the dusk, listening dreamily to the slurring murmurs of the whispering night.

M. A. J.

WIRELESS WHISPERS.



They say

That the Reference Library was very useful to Fifth Year during the recent visit of the Examiners.

* * *
That the teachers are "not all green."
* * *

That the Upper School Agriculture Class were told to go to the Show, and "hang round the farmers."

* * *

That the young lady who was beaten in the Fourth Form race has not yet committed suicide.

* * *

That English Tests are not as pleasant as they might be.

* * *

That the "Gym." periods of Fourth and Fifth Year are not treated very seriously.

* * *

That the school garden has not been much of a success up to date.

* * *

That the writing of articles for the magazine does not improve the temper of some of the students.

* * *

That the English Master reverts to his "Hieland" ancestors during Chaucer periods, finding great difficulty with "strrrong verrbs."

FRENCH CLUB NOTES.

Since the last issue of the "Kingia," the Bunbury Branch of the Alliance Française has passed its first anniversary. All those who are studying the French language with enthusiasm (and those who are not, ought to be studying something else instead), have ample opportunity for advancement. The French Club meets at least once a month and these students can chatter in French to their heart's content, play games in French, tell stories in French, act plays in French, listen to French songs and lectures on the Great Caves of France. There are many students of French who have never yet attended one meeting. To you, as always, we extend a cordial welcome and ask you to realise that the French Club is for you, so be not bashful but add your melodious French accent to the rest at the next meeting.

In addition to the French Clubs, there has arisen another avenue for self expression in French. This is the correspondence scheme inaugurated this year between students of the Bunbury High School and those of Rouen, Brest, Cussot and Vichy, in France. About 60 B.H.S. students have undertaken the scheme. To date two letters have arrived from France, one from Vichy, one from Rouen. More will arrive shortly and in this way Bunbury boys and girls will make new friends far away

in France, and by writing in French and receiving letters written in French, will learn very quickly this language. They will also be helping their friends in the difficult study of English.

We have held three meetings this term. A very enjoyable evening was spent on Friday, August 8th. Miss L. Tobitt lectured on the French composer, Gounod, and played three selections from his beautiful opera "Faust."

A bright little play, entitled: "A Bord du Paquebot Poste," was well acted by boys of the 4th and 5th year and caused great merriment. J. Dean took the part of M. Huret, a fussy Frenchman, crossing the Channel, N. Sinclair, his sea-sick wife, Mme. Huret, R. Stephens—the ferocious Capitaine, J. White a deck swabbing matelot, K. Hough—a commercial traveller selling wines, R. Cooke—the luggage boy, G. Hill—a porter. Miss M. Kealey lectured on the French poet, Andre Chénier and recited his "Jeune Captive."

Two competitions were played, won by Mollie Kealey and Jean Muir.

Wednesday, October 10th.—The small attendance of 27 was due to extraordinary stormy weather. As lecturers, players and performers were all detained by the storm, the evening was spent in playing games in French, Celebrities, Word Building, and guessing the names of animals.

Monday, October 27th.—This was another stormy night, but the attendance was 36.

Miss Cahill delivered an instructive lecture on the life and works of Lamartine. To date lectures have been given on Molière, Chénier, Hugo, Gounod, Lamartine, Daudet.

Miss Tobitt and Miss G. Smedley played and sang very sweetly six little French songs. Two games were played and won by N. Kirkham (year II.), and M. Kealey (IV.) Prizes consisted of a leather bound copy of an extract from Hugo, entitled "The Last Days of a Condemned Man," and a collection of sayings from Balzac, also bound in leather.

A dramatic reading of part of Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules," was then pre-

sented. The men were gorgeously clad in costumes resplendent to the beholder. Cast was as follows:—Mascarille—K. Hough; Madelon—M. Kealey; Gorgibus—J. White; Cathos—J. Muir; Cléonte—N. Sinclair; Porter—M. Cooke; G. Hill; Porter—G. Hill; Marotte—H. Wilthes.

FORM NOTES.

III.

"Deeper, deeper do we toil
In the mines of knowledge,
Where we delve for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems."

What a fitting war-cry for the Junior form, and it is no vain boast either. Ever since the beginning of the term we have been studying (when we are allowed by those not taking the Junior). Indeed it is most essential that we should study, seeing that according to our esteemed masters the Junior is the most important event of our lives. At present the dreaded day (or days) is only two weeks off, and already we tremble for fear that there should be something we will not know.

How thankful we will be when it is over! What a joyous time we shall have! No study, no tests, no worries whatever, just play, play, play.

But study is not our only joy; in sport we excel also (especially the Reds). We possess the girl and boy champion, besides other good sports, and are all naturally proud of the fact.

We (the girls) here take the opportunity of informing those whom it is likely to interest that such phrases as—"We refrain from mentioning an example," are not welcomed by the fair sex even though the boys may consider them polite.

Several of us have been suffering from nervous breakdowns owing to one of the mistress's sudden order to "Get down off that bench." Later the same mistress supplied us with a large paper of questions and small pieces of paper, commanding

us to do as many as possible. We are afraid it was not a real test, as science benches and bottles form a good barrier, and while some students entertained the others with a discussion on the music for the Junior exam., others took the opportunity afforded by chatting confidentially on such subjects as drainage and denitrification.

Tests in French, however, are the reverse of pleasant. All books must be at least one foot under the desk, each student in one desk, and all quiet before the papers are given out, although one student even then persists in upsetting the class, much to the disgust of the mistress, with such exclamations as, "Lordy ma feet Ah'm deceivin' me, they won't move."

While on the subject of tests, we wish to thank all our masters and mistresses for the interest they have taken in us, followed by consequent extra work for themselves, and if we have been annoying by not doing sufficient work, we sincerely ask pardon, praying for more sense in the future (if we survive).

But time presses, and there still remains two weeks' study to do; we wish everybody luck in the coming exams, a merry Christmas and a happier New Year (the latter especially for 3rd and 5th formers).

IV.

Since last term the number of our small, quiet (?) and industrious (?) band has been further depleted, until now only eleven staunch pillows—I mean pillars—of the school remain. One girl has become so weak-minded (the reason, we think, being excess of homework) that she has had to go into the band of other weak-minded, namely, the 5th form. The male member has been promoted to the Mayor's office. We regret the loss of these two, because a copy of French homework was assured from either of them.

Our supposition that one of our number wished to stay in hospital owing to the attractiveness of the nurses, was correct. Beware of Eve's disciples, my boy.

In our form notes in last issue of the "Kingia" we said we had no troubles nor exams. to worry us. We wish to emphatically deny these remarks, for we find we are being worn to shadows by different troubles. We have troubles in the form of Physics tests, Agricultural Science tests, and French exams., to say nothing of quantities of "Luggite" and boa constrictors in our lockers. Mr. Editor, is there no relief or cure for these complaints?

But cheer up, pale and overworked 4th formers, be like Grace and take no heed of consequences; there's a good time coming in the shape of the Leaving next year.

With this cheering thought, we will close our notes, wishing the school and magazine the best of luck and extending our most heartfelt sympathy to all those who are sitting for the public examinations.

V.

Now that the year is drawing to a close and the Leaving is only three weeks hence, most of the form have suddenly awakened to the fact that that it is about time they started working. Hence, nowadays, a visitor to the room would be impressed by the industriousness of the class, which is in striking contrast to what he would have seen earlier in the year.

In spite of the well-meant advice of last year's students, everything is left till the last possible moment, with the result that it is difficult to decide where to begin. However, we endeavour with smiling (?) faces to make the best of the remaining weeks, and heroically strive to cram a year's work into the small period that is left.

In fact, it is but the thoughts of the happy, golden days, known as "After the Exam," which will enable us to live through the coming ordeal. By the time these, our cogitations, appear in the magazine, the Leaving will be but an unpleasant memory, and we will be in a position to agree with our elders, when they state that one's school days are the happiest days of his life.

However, all things considered, we have, the last few weeks excepted, passed a most pleasant term. The annual sports day and the agricultural show have all assisted in brightening our lot. The staff have also encouraged and helped us considerably, and if by some curious mischance we do not obtain the Leaving, it will not be through lack of effort and advice on their part.

Life in the fifth form this year is much the same as it was last year, when the fours and fives occupied the same room. The form master's gown is still torn and presents a very heart-rending spectacle; the lock on the cupboard door is still a source of endless worry and annoyance to the masters, while the knob on the door has periodical fits of obstinacy, which all but exhaust the patience of the staff.

Before closing our notes we would like to thank the members of the staff for their help and advice during the past year, and we can only regret that we did not heed their counsel earlier in the year.

We will conclude by wishing the High School and its future students the best of luck.

GIRLS' SPORTS DAY.

After a period of bad weather, during which the sports' day was postponed from time to time, there at last dawned a Thursday of fine weather which made it permissible for the greatly longed-for Girls' Sports Day to be held.

Amidst great enthusiasm the second annual girls' sports were held, the results of the various events being as follows:—

Netting the Ball.

- (1) Adelaide Jones (Blue)—3 points.
- (2) Doris Williams (Red)—2 points.
- (3) Elsie Buggenthin (Gold)—1 point.

Hitting the Hockey Ball.

- (1) Gladys Smedley (Red)—3 points.
 - (2) Esther McCall (Gold)—2 points.
 - (3) Doris Robinson (Blue)—1 point.
- Distance—59 feet.

Hop, Step, and Jump.

- (1) Eda Becker (Red)—3 points.
 - (2) Molly Kealy (Kingia)—2 points.
 - (3) Nora Johnson (Blue)—1 point.
- Distance—29 feet.

Novelty Race.

- (1) M. Young (Gold), E. Webster (Red).
- (2) M. Black (Blue).
- (3) I. Robertson (Gold).

1st Form Championship.

- (1) E. Withers (Kingia)—3.
- (2) O. Peat (Blue)—2.
- (3) E. Teede (Gold)—1.

2nd Form Championship.

- (1) W. Delaney (Kingia)—3.
- (2) N. Young (Gold)—2.
- (3) M. Taylor (Red), A. Bell (Blue) ½.

3rd Form Championship.

- (1) E. Becker (Red)—3.
- (2) A. Peacock (Kingia)—2.
- (3) G. Smedley (Red)—1.

4th Form Championship.

- (1) M. Kealy (Kingia)—3.
- (2) E. Cross (Blue)—2.
- (3) J. Muir (Gold)—1.

5th Form Championship.

- (1) N. Johnson (Blue)—3.
- (2) M. Watterson (Red)—2.
- (3) D. Carroll (Kingia)—1.

Under 15 Championship.

- (1) E. Withers (Kingia)—1½; H. Norton (Red)—1½.
- (2) E. Teede (Gold)—2.
- (3) I. Treloar (Kingia)—1.

Over 15 Championship.

- (1) W. Delaney (Kingia)—3.
- (2) E. Becker (Red)—2.
- (3) N. Johnson (Blue)—1.

Relay Race.

- (1) Blue—5.
- (2) Kingia—3.
- (3) Gold—2.

Champion Girl.

- E. Becker—8 points.

Faction Points.

- Kingia—25½.
Red—21.
Blue—18½.
Gold—11.

FACTION NOTES—GIRLS.

Kingia.

The Kingias still head the list in the competition for the Cup, which was won last year by Reds. We have certainly greatly improved in most of the games from last year. The net-ball team, however, is not nearly so good as it was, or could be, last year. In hockey and base-ball, we have been fairly successful, although we have lost our base-ball captain. But no doubt the new captain will eventually pull the team together and make it as formidable as it was at the beginning of the year.

The Kingias gained $25\frac{1}{2}$ points on the Girls' Sports Day, thus coming first, with Red second, with 21 points.

Up to date, we have gained $149\frac{1}{2}$ points. Reds are not far behind, and it is up to every girl in the Faction to do the best she can, so that we may win the Cup this year.

Red.

We have succeeded in gaining second place in the faction points, but we hope to see ourselves figuring at the head of the list before the end of the year. Kingia and Reds are having a hard struggle for the Cup. We are now only a few points behind, and with a little extra effort we ought to catch up. At tennis we cannot hope to do too much, as tennis is not our strong point, but at base-ball and net-ball we should be able to hold our own. Last year the Reds had the pleasure of carrying off the much prized Cup, and it is up to the girls to try to continue to hold this honour for another year.

Blue.

This term the girls have done very little to improve their score, which up to the present stands at 102 points. When the long-delayed Sports Day arrived, we managed to score 17 points between us, chiefly owing to the untiring energy displayed by our Faction Captain at the practices. The final at hockey consisted of Blues and Reds v. Kingia and Gold, in which match

we were successful. On the whole, we have not done so well this year in this branch of sport as we did last, but with plenty of coaching of the present first years, we hope to improve in the coming season.

At baseball we have shown signs of improvement in the hitting, but the fielding is very poor. The other week we were sadly defeated by the Reds, but feel convinced that if more alacrity had been displayed in the fielding, we would have done much better.

Net-ball also requires a good deal of improvement, although the team is, at present, playing much better than it was at the beginning of the year.

Up to date, we have only played one tennis match, which was against Reds. We were victorious, winning both the doubles and two of the singles, and hope to do as well, if not better, in all future matches.

Gold.

This term we have—for us—achieved the heights of fame. We have done fairly well in hockey, although at base-ball we are still woefully bad. At tennis we succeeded in defeating "Kingias," though this was chiefly owing to the absence of their renowned and invincible captain "Fuzz." Our captain (Jean Muir), and her Lieutenant (Mavis Bell), however, deserve to be "mentioned in despatches" for the brilliant improvement which they have made. We are thankful to note that the first formers are interested in tennis, and Gold will have at least one player to fill the gap which Hazel Withers' leaving will create.

In spite of the fact that we came last in the Girls' Sports, we (Golds) still have reason to congratulate ourselves, for we have made an immense improvement on last year's results.

The Girls were very glad to see Golds in the second place on Boys' Sports Day, and did their level best in the "barracking" line to encourage the efforts of the youthful athletes.

We hope that next year we will have an even better faction, and will perhaps have a chance for the Cup. Meanwhile we wish all the other factions—and incidentally ourselves—a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year."

FACTION NOTES—BOYS.

Red.

We were very successful at football this season until we arrived at the final premiership matches. Here we were defeated by Gold faction, and although, as Minor Premiers, we challenged them to another match we were absolutely crushed, this time worse than before, and forced to hide our heads. However, the optimists take this for a good sign and predict a favourable cricket season.

So far we have played three cricket matches, of which we have won two, and this, with our football successes, has placed us far ahead of the other factions in points. Our total points are 340, of which the boys have obtained 196, and we have four players in the first eleven.

Last month, at our Annual Sports Meeting, Red faction showed its superiority by carrying off the highest number of points, and providing the senior runner-up and the junior champion.

By the time this magazine appears the Junior and Leaving examinations will be over, and a spirit of rest and thankfulness will reign. We take this opportunity to wish the best of luck to the candidates and to those who will not return to this school next year. We hope that those who remain will keep up the honour of their faction and school.

Blue.

Once again we are drawing to the close of another year. Although we are only third on the list with 289½ points to our credit we are still striving to catch Red and Kingia factions. With the coming of cricket and tennis our hopes of reduc-

ing the margin are daily increasing. The boys still retain pride of place with 186½ points to their credit, while the efforts of the girls, 103 points, have helped us considerably on the road to "Champion Faction."

In conclusion, we would like to thank and congratulate all those who helped us to keep our end up, and hope that during the coming year Blue faction will head the list.

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Kingia.

I think we can rightly say that we have been successful at football, and have already accomplished something in the way of cricket. We are grateful to the competitors in the school sports who gained us points, and especially the relay team.

At present, our total number of points is 312, of which the boys scored 154.

I hope that our players will all continue to do their best and play the matches co-operatively, and also prove themselves efficient in this season's cricket and tennis.

Gold.

At last our faction has realised that there is a possibility of its winning matches; and certainly it has awakened with a vengeance. Since we got past the semi-finals in football we have lost only one match to Reds. Thus we find ourselves—last! Yes, but if we continue like this we shall certainly be close to second by the end of the cricket season.

Then again, the faction did very creditably—it being second in the recent athletics meeting. Instead of the 11 points scored by our faction last year, we have 29 points this year.

Concluding, we would hope two things: firstly, that those replacing the students leaving this year might procure for the faction a name—in sport and in school-work—a name worthy of it; secondly, we hope that the "Gold" girls will arouse themselves to keep pace with our revolutionary strides.

Faction Positions.

Girls—

- Kingia—1st Term, 24; 2nd Term, 83;
3rd Term, 149½.
Red—1st Term, 12; 2nd Term, 65;
3rd Term, 144.
Gold—1st Term, 7; 2nd Term, 46;
3rd Term, 97.
Blue—1st Term, 7; 2nd Term, 52;
3rd Term, 101½.

Boys—

- Red—1st Term, 12; 2nd Term, 94;
3rd Term, 184½.
Kingia—1st Term, 36; 2nd Term, 108;
3rd Term, 157½.
Blue—1st Term, 56; 2nd Term, 132;
3rd Term, 188.
Gold—1st Term, 8; 2nd Term, 52;
3rd Term, 145.

Total—

- Red—1st Term, 24; 2nd Term, 157;
3rd Term, 328½.
Kingia—1st Term, 60; 2nd Term, 191;
3rd Term, 307.
Blue—1st Term, 63; 2nd Term, 184;
3rd Term, 289½.
Gold—1st Term, 15; 2nd Term, 98;
3rd Term, 242.

SECOND ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

On Wednesday, 15th October, at the Recreation Ground, the School held its Second Annual Athletics Meeting.

Thanks to the splendid organisation of our Sports Master, Mr. C. Jenkin, ably assisted by a committee of gentlemen from the town, including other members of the staff and some of the students, the whole of a long and interesting programme was carried out with the greatest success. The sun put on his brightest smile, and altogether the afternoon was a most enjoyable one, not the least part of the pleasure being due to the delightful afternoon tea very kindly provided by the ladies, assisted by some of the girl students. To these ladies, and to all who in any way helped to make our Sports Day such a success, we tender our sincerest thanks.

RESULTS.

One Mile School Championship—J. White 1, L. Hawter 2; time, 5.10 1-5 sec.

One Mile Junior Championship—E. Scott 1, R. Copley 2, R. Hill 3; time, 6.0 1-5 sec.

Long Jump, Senior—A. Roberts 1, J. Lugg 2; distance, 17ft. 11in.

Long Jump, Junior—L. Dyer 1, J. Coleman 2, R. Copley 3; distance, 17ft. 0½in.

Junior Cricket Ball Throw—R. Copley 1, R. Hill 2, L. Dyer 3; distance, 88 yards.

880 Yards Open Handicap—L. Hawter (ser.) 1, G. Tobitt (10 yds.) 2, G. Hill (30 yds.) 3; time, 2.25.

440 Yards School Championship—J. White 1, A. Roberts 2, J. Lugg 3; time 1.0 1-5.

Second Year 100 Yards Handicap—Heat 1—Palmer 1, Dyer 2; heat 2—Moss 1, C. Scott 2; heat 3—Honey 1, Watson 2; final—T. Moss 1, C. Scott 2, R. Honey 3; time, 11 2-5 sec.

220 Yards Open Handicap—Heat 1—Trotman 1, Cooke 2; heat 2—Grace 1, Dean 2; final—M. Cooke 1, R. Grace 2; time 27 2-5 sec.

Siamese Race, 75 Yards—Heat 1—Lugg and Sinclair 1, Dean and Grace 2; heat 2—K. Hough and White 1, R. Hough and Bickerton 2; heat 3—Sunter and Higgins 1, Brown and Stafford 2; final—White and Hough 1, Lugg and Sinclair 2, Hough and Bickerton 3.

100 Yards Handicap (1st year)—Heat 1—H. Hill 1, E. Scott 2, L. Little 3; heat 2—P. Lloyd 1, E. Sanders 2, A. Ross 3; final—Lloyd 1, Hill 2, Sanders 3; time, 11 1-5 sec.

Senior Hurdles, 120 Yards—Heat 1—A. Williams 1, R. Grace 2; heat 2—A. Roberts 1, G. Hill 2; final—Williams 1, Grace 2, Roberts 3; time, 19 3-5 sec.

Junior High Jump—R. Copley 1, L. Watson 2, R. Hill 3; height, 4ft. 10in.

880 Yards School Championship—J. White 1, J. Flaherty 2, G. Tobitt 3; time, 2.20 1-5.

100 Yards Handicap (3rd Year)—R. Copley 1, K. Steere 2, L. Hawter 3; time, 11 1-5 sec.

100 Yards Open Handicap—Heat 1—A. Roberts 1, J. Dean 2; heat 2—K. Hough 1, Scott 2; heat 3—N. Sinclair 1, Martin 2; final—Dean 1, Hough 2, Martin 3; time, 11 1-5 sec.

100 Yards Junior Championship—Heat 1—E. Scott 1, E. Sanders 2, J. Higgins 3; heat 2—R. Hill 1, L. Dyer 2, R. Copley 3; final—Hill 1, Copley 2, Scott 3; time, 11 4-5.

Sack Race, 75 Yards—Final—H. Stafford 1, R. Hough 2, H. Hicks 3.



Open Mile Handicap: J. White winning.



440 Yards Open Handicap Final: A. Trotman, 1st; M. Cooke, 2nd.

880 Yards Junior Championship—R. Hill 1, Dyer 2, Copley 3; time, 2.43.

220 Yards School Championship—A. Roberts 1, A. Trotman 2, A. Williams 3; time, 26 4-5.

440 Yards Junior Championship—R. Hill 1, L. Dyer 2, Copley 3; time, 1min. 5 2-5 sec.

Cricket Ball Throw, Senior—W. Martin 1, J. Lugg 2, A. Trotman 3; distance, 90 1-3 yards.

Hurdles, 120 Yards, Junior—C. Scott 1, Watson 2, E. Scott 3; time, 20 2-5 sec.

220 Yards Junior Championship—R. Hill 1, Copley 2, E. Scott 3; time, 28 2-5 sec.

High Jump, Senior Championship—R. Grace 1, J. Dean 2, G. Tobitt 3; height, 5ft.

100 Yards School Championship—A. Roberts 1, J. Dean 2, A. Williams 3; time, 11 1-5 sec.

440 Yards Open Handicap—A. Trotman 1, M. Cooke 2, T. Moss 3; time, 1min. 1 1-5 sec.

One Mile Open Handicap—J. White (scr.) 1, L. Hawter (scr.) 2, J. Vague (140 yds.) 3; time, 5min. 22sec.

Egg and Spoon Race, 75 Yards—R. Hough 1, Sunter 2, Cooke 3.

Faction Relay Race, 880 Yards—Kingia Faction 1, Red and Blue Factions 2 (dead heat); time, 1min. 56sec.

High Jump, Old Boys—M. Ferguson 1, E. Adams 2, P. Verschuer 3; height, 4ft. 11in.

100 Yards Handicap, Old Boys—Ferguson 1, Adams 2, Verschuer 3; time, 10 3-5 sec.

440 Yards Handicap, Old Boys—Adams 1, McMasters 2, Ferguson 3.

Faction Championship—Red Faction 1 (39½ points), Gold Faction 2 (29 points), Blue Faction 3 (27 points), Kingia Faction 4 (21½ points).

School Championship, Senior—A. Roberts 12 points, J. White 9 points, J. Lugg and A. Williams 5 points.

School Championship, Junior—R. Hill 16 points, R. Copley 15 points, L. Dyer 8 points.

The events were well contested throughout, although only one of the previous records were broken. R. Copley created a record in the Junior High Jump by clearing 4ft. 10in.

A. Roberts won the Head Master's Cup for the School Champion Athlete with 12 points. J. White, with 9 points, was

runner-up and winner of Mr. St. Barbe Moore's trophy.

R. Hill, with 16 points, was successful in winning Mr. Kaeshagen's trophy for Junior Champion Athlete. R. Copley was a close runner-up with 15 points, while L. Dyer was third with 8 points.

The Faction Competition resulted as follows:—

Red Faction, 40½ points—1.

Blue Faction, 28 points—2.

Gold Faction, 27 points—3.

Kingia Faction, 21½ points—4.

GENERAL SPORTS NOTES.

Now that the football season has drawn to a close, and cricket is once more the order of the day, memories of last season's matches are revived, and all are busy at the wickets. The majority of our team leaves at Christmas, and we must search the school for talent for next year. It is always about, and now is the great chance for the boy who is keen to give time and thought to the development of his cricket and earn a place—perhaps early in his school life.

Too often the champion in after life finds that his sport has interfered with his life's duty, which is work. And as his youth and skill leave him he finds himself more or less a derelict with no useful occupation and life a disappointment. Modern sports—whether tennis, cricket, or kindred games—make too great a demand on the time of young men, and boys would do well to keep the sterner side of life before them.

But to cricket: On looking through a magazine the other day the writer came across an article by a famous cricketer who gave his opinion that "defence is the first and last line in batting." And a close observance will lead one to agree. The first thing a boy must learn is to stay there. It is no use having

what are called strokes unless he can stay long enough to settle down and show them. And defence does not necessarily mean slow play. To push back a half volley is no defence. It should be driven back with all the power of arms and body, and the foundation of good batting—the off-drive—will be gradually built up. Other strokes will soon follow, if the wrist action is there and the bodily conformation suitable.

In conclusion, as a parting request, we who are leaving school sincerely wish that those who remain will take a firm interest in any branch of sport which they may take up, improve their play in every possible way, and make traditions which students of the future will be proud to uphold.

A.T.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

At the end of the third round Red Faction, having won the most matches, ran off Minor Premiers. It was decided to play off a Premiership Round. This created great enthusiasm and the football season finished with keen Faction Competition.

The results of the Premiership Round were as follows:—

Semi-Finals:—Gold defeated Red—6 goals 3 points to 5 goals 7 points.

Kingia defeated Blue—5 goals 7 points to 3 goals 11 points.

Final:—Gold defeated Kingia, 7 goals 7 points to 2 goals 6 points. Goalkickers for Gold—Dyer, Martin, Maw, Dean, Palmer, Lugg, Sinclair, 1 each. Goalkickers for Kingia—Hall 2.

Challenge Match:—Gold defeated Red (Minor Premiers)—6 goals 5 points to 2 points. Goalkickers—Dyer 2, Sinclair, Lugg, Ross, Tobitt, 1 each.

CRICKET NOTES.

As soon as the Challenge Match in Football had been played, attention was turned to cricket. Faction Matches were commenced immediately, and the School Eleven started practice with every intention of preparing itself well for forthcoming contests.

On Saturday, October 25th, the School Eleven played its first match for the season; the result is appended:—

High School.

A. Williams, c. C. Jenkins, b. F. Davies Moore	20
K. Hough, c. Taylor, b. F. Davies Moore	25
R. Copley, b. Hamilton	24
J. Lugg, b. Davies Moore	4
A. Roberts, c. Sheard, b. Hamilton	2
A. Trotman, l.b.w., b. Clarke	8
N. Sinclair, b. Taylor	0
L. Hawter, c. Sheard, b. Davies Moore	0
J. Flaherty, b. Taylor	4
L. Sweet, not out	5
N. Haines, b. Taylor	1
Sundries	16
<hr/>	
Total	111

Bowling: Taylor, 3 for 15; Adams, 0 for 19; Sheard, 0 for 6; Clarke, 1 for 21; Maggs, 0 for 11; Davies Moore, 4 for 9; J. Clarke, 0 for 2; Hamilton, 2 for 8.

The Rest.

Sheard, b. Lugg	1
Davies Moore, c. Williams, b. Lugg	16
Hamilton, c. Trotman, b. Sweet	15
Adams, run out	9
Clarke, b. Sweet	19
Taylor, b. Sweet	9
Clarke, b. Sweet	9
Jenkins, c. Sinclair, b. Sweet	2
Ferguson, b. Lugg	2
Maggs, not out	0
Tobitt (sub.), b. Sweet	0
Sundries	6
<hr/>	
Total	73

Bowling: J. Lugg, 3 for 33; L. Sweet, 5 for 25; A. Trotman, 0 for 10.

THE TRIALS OF WICKET-KEEPER.

"How's't Umpire!!?"

How you yell that with a triumphant ring in your voice, when, after waiting for some time, you stump an unwary batsman only to be rewarded with a sarcastic "Not Out!!!"

What could be more exasperating than a ball which is "dribbled" in, or thrown wide of you, when you have a chance of getting a man run out? or when, on asking the bowler to tempt the batsman out, he persists in bowling on the full.

Need I mention with what emotions one faces the fast bowler's express delivery, or with what fear one ponders on the thought of being transfixed by a flying stump?

I would advise an aspirant to the art of "keeping" to stand at least twenty or thirty feet away, to remember that he has a long-stop to field the strays, and to always bear in mind—

"Then I pray'd.

'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'"

TIM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

In the last issue of the "Kingia" magazine I read with interest and astonishment a very insinuating article under the title of "The Habits and Intricacies of the Feminine Sex." "K.H.," the writer, was evidently a youth of small understanding and little common sense—a failing of all of the members of the so-called superior (?) sex.

I was very surprised to see the article in your well-polished and carefully-

worded magazine. The Editor ought not to publish such erroneous, and at the same time ungentlemanly, criticisms of the opposite sex. Besides that, the criticisms are wholly without cause or foundation; they are very unjust. We are not the butts for the clumsy and misplaced arguments of the males.

"K.H." forgets that men are very similar to women in many instances, so that while he is abusing the women in his superior worldly fashion he is at the same time giving himself, and the rest of the males, away. Men argue, talk, act, and carry on, in fact, just like the despised sex. If they think they are superior, why don't they show it? Because they cannot.

As for their habits, they are even more absurd and stupid than those described as belonging to women. When arguing, they cannot even keep their tempers. Men cannot argue with women—as "K.H." has found out—the reason for this is that they have neither the patience nor the brains with which to do it.

The other false assertions which the author has made are as fancied and idiotic as those already mentioned.

Like women, men argue, talk as much and about subjects just as insignificant, and have habits more foolish and absurd, but have often neither the wit nor the ability to overcome simple obstacles, which would be nothing to women.

The writer of that insinuating article in the last issue of the "Kingia" will still be unconvinced, but should he desire to be convinced that he is absolutely and entirely wrong, he should come and see me about it.

Yours, etc.,

L.Y.



